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THE DAMSEL's GARLAND.

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Containing ſeveral excellent

NEW SONGS.

I. The Damſel's Lamentation.

II. The young Man's Anſwer to the Damſel's Lamentation.

III. A SONG call'd, *So merry as we have been.*

IV. The Anſwer.

V. Conſcience and Charity's Downfal.

Licenſed and Entered according to Order.

The Damsel's GARLAND.

The Damsel's Lamentation.

AS I was walking for my Recreation,
Down by a silent shady Grove,
I heard a Damsel make sad Lamentation,
Crying, alas! I have lost my Love;
For he was always constant and loyal,
And unto me great Kindness did show,
My Parents gave him a plan Denial,
Love was the Occasion of my Overthrow.

Go, unkind Parents, hard hearted and cruel
How could you do a greater Spite?
Thus to bereave me of my dear Jewel,
In whom I placed my Heart's Delight;
Was it because that I am an Heiress,
And his Parents mean and low;
And if it be, then the greater my Care is,
Love was the Occasion of my Overthrow.

Some they will marry for Gold and for Silver,
And for all such Wealth likewise;
I will not marry for Gold nor Silver,
Which melts like Snow when the Sun does rise:
True Love alone will undo me for ever,
Like to the Spring from the Fountain it flows,
Since I have lost my dearest for ever,
Love was the Occasion of my Overthrow.

Love it is like an unquenchable Fire,
Like to a violent Fever that burns, Here

Here in the Grove I mean to retire,
Home to my Parents I ne'er will return
Farewell Father, and farewel Mother,
Farewel Friend, and farewel Foe,
You are to blame above all other,
Love was the Occaſion of my Overthrow.

You pretty Damſels that round me are dying,
Now I am taking my laſt Farewel,
You pretty Birds that round me are flying,
Let your ſweet Notes ring my paſſing Bell:
For I'm a Damſel that's quite broken hearted,
Afflicted with Sorrow, Grief and Wo,
Then with a Sorrowful Sigh ſhe departed,
Love was the Occaſion of my Overthrow.

The young Man's Anſwer.

WAS ever Lady ſo conſtant and loyal,
To fancy a Man of ſo mean a Degree;
She for my Sake forſook Father and Mother,
Woman ſo conſtant you ſeldom will ſee:
The curſed Gold parted me and my Jewel,
Since ſhe is dead I'll quit *Britain*'s Shore,
My love ſick Heart it burneth like Fuel,
Since ſhe is dead, I will never love more.

To the Grove where my love retired,
Here is the Place I'll lay me down;
She for my Sake here lay and expired,
Here Night and Day her Fate I'll bemoan:
I'll lay my Head upon her earthly Pillow,
And her Fate I will deplore,
I for her Sake will wear the willow,
Since ſhe is dead I'll never love more.

Here

Here much Trouble my Love did ſuffer,
And inſtead of the ſofteſt Down,
On the cold Earth ſhe made her Pillow,
And her Bed on the hard Stones:
Ye God's of love look down with Pity,
And the Virgin's Death deplore,
I for her Sake will never be double,
Since ſhe is dead, I'll never love more.

The pretty Lambs that round her lay bleating,
And the ſmall birds that rung her Knell,
Was like a fading Lilly drooping,
When ſhe bid the World farewel:
Her cool Lips now I could preſs them,
She who did me ſo much adore,
My ſorrows are ſo great, none can expreſs them,
Since ſhe is dead I'll never love more.

Cruel have been her unkind Parents,
Had I been born of noble Degree,
I might enjoy'd my own dear Jewel,
The curs'd Gold has ruin'd me;
Farewel to all Womankind for ever,
I will go ſeek ſome diſtant Shore,
And my true Love ſhall never waver,
Since ſhe is dead I'll never love more.

A SONG, call'd, *So merry as we have been.*

ONE Evening the lovelieſt Pair,
That ever walk'd on the ſweet Plain,
O Lyaia the all conquering Fair,
And *Damon* the beautiful Swain;
So merry as we have been,
So merry as we have been,
The Wor'd ſhall never know,
The Merryneſs we twa have ſeen.

Eye,

Fye, let us go forth to the Mead,
Let us ſee how the Primroſe ſpring,
A Lad that was cloathed in Red,
And a Laſs that was cloathed in green,
So merry, &c.

A Laſs with a blythe blinking Eye,
And the long yellow Hair hanging down,
And *Johnny* he did her paſs by,
And he ſung her a fine handſome Song;
So merry, &c.

They ſat down in a Jeſſamin Grove,
Where murmuring Rivulets ſtray'd,
And *Damon* to bold love inclin'd,
Thus ſoftly reproached the Maid;
So merry, &c.

And whilſt I was that he,
Was only bleſt with your Charms,
And you n'er a Shepherd but me,
Claſp'd in the ſoft Circle of your Arms:
So merry, &c.

Young *Damon* all chearful did ſing,
In Happineſs yielding to none,
Deſpiſed all the Pomps of a King,
And ſlighting a glittering Throng.
So merry as we have been,
So merry as we have been,
The World ſhall never know,
The Merrineſs we two have ſeen.

The Anſwer to, *So merry as we have been.*

A Laſs that was laden with Care,
Sat heavily under yon Thorn
liſtened in Hopes of my Share,
And thus ſhe began for to mourn
Sae merry as we twa have been,
Sae merry as we two have been,

But never since that fatal Day,
That we did part on the Green.

When e'er my dear Shepherd drew near,
The Birds all round us did sing,
And the cold nipping Winter did wear,
A Face that resembles the Spring.
Sae merry, &c.

His Flocks feeding by my Side,
His gently pressing my Hand,
I viewed the wide World with Pride,
And laugh'd at Desire to command.
Sae merry, &c.

My dear he would oftentimes say,
Why art thou hard-hearted to me?
Or why does thou thus run away,
From him that is dying for thee;
Sae merry, &c.

But now he is far from my Sight,
Perhaps a Deceiver may prove,
Which makes me lament Day and Night,
That ever I granted him Love.
Sae, merry, &c.

At Even when all our Folk
Sit down to their Cogg and their Spoon,
I laid me down under yon Oak,
And heavily sigh'd to the Moon.
Sae merry as we twa have been;
Sae merry as we twa have been;
But never since that fatal Day,
That we twa did part on the Green.

Conscience and Charity's Downfal.

ALL you good People I pray draw near,
The truth I will relate,
Concerning of this World's Affairs,
Which I do see of late. One

One Thing I do remember now
That Pride is grown ſo hot,
There is no Room for Charity,
And Conſcience is forgot.

Poor Conſcience I bemoan thy Caſe,
Thou art unfortunate,
And I am very ſorry for't,
But canſt make thee no Help.

Thou art nothing accounted on,
Nor has not been of late,
So fare the well and get the gone,
And mourn for thy ſad Fate.

And as for poor Charity,
He's turn'd unto the Door,
The Height of Pride is grown ſo high,
He dwells among the poor.

And with them he doth range about,
Which makes him diſcontent,
Until this Pride it has a Fall,
This World will never mend.

At firſt Creation of this World,
This Pride was very low,
God's Bleſſing was upon the Land,
Great Favour he did ſhow.

Both Conſcience and great Charity,
They were much looked upon,
But now they're gone I know not where,
Nor when they will return.

If I could range and find them out,
I would be very glad,
But yet for thought of looſing them,
It makes my Heart full ſad.

Becauſe I cannot ſet myſelf,
Then for to find them out,
Therefore I muſt be content,
Take Things as they fall out.

This World's nothing but ſpite and Pride,
And full of Hatred grown,
Here is no Living for the Poor,
Nor any Favour ſhown.

Nor compaſſion in the leaſt,
But many a vile Frown,
Therefore theſe Times will never mend,
Until this Pride go down.

Do not repine at Poverty,
Altho it be diſdain'd,
Fix not your Heart on the World's
Riches to obtain;

But crave for Mercy while you're here,
And do what is right,
A Day will come you need not fear,
That you will get reward.

Its too true Conſcience and Charity
Altho' their not much uſed,
And poor People amongſt the rich,
Yet ſtill they all abuſe it;

If you'll but live in a righteous Way,
And ſubmit yourſelves in peace,
When you depart from this World,
In Heaven you'll ever reſt.

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